stretch of road is a thing not without its significance.

If one of Nature's harsh and bitter laws had caught me up and thrown me down to die a crushed and broken thing, I would rather be able to crawl to some spot from which I could see her insensate fury than her smile.

At fifteen or sixteen kilometres the houses begin to cluster more thickly and you are at Papenoo. It might almost be a village. Here indeed lingers a good deal of national feeling, for the road ceases just beyond at the river and Papenoo stands as it were on guard before the remoter and less visited districts of Tiarei and Mahaena.

Moreover this is the mouth of the great valley which, in earlier days, was as populous and fertile as the Weald of Kent. From the bridge you can see that there is a highway to the heart of the island. The very river itself rises nearer the southern than the northern shore on which we

stand, one feed indeed is Lake Vaihiria which lies, little more than a big pool, on the crest of the mountains that frown over Papara and Papeari. A rough track will allow progress for a little way and at first there are plantations and